THE RUNNERS.

* * * For I run not alone,
There run with me the Silent Three,
Through fields the dead have sown.

One with a sweet and piteous smile—
The tireless Past—ah, he will last
For many a footsore mile.

And one—the Now—with stern, white gaze—
Who gives no heed though I do bleed
Along the thorny ways.

One with a masked face, lips dumb,
Beckons my soul to some blind goal—
The wraith of Things to Come.

* * * Nay, I run not alone.
There run with me the Silent Three,
Through fields the dead have sown.
—Emery Pottle, in Everybody's Magazine.

COLLABORATION.

"I want to know exactly how to write this story," began the Girl. The Author regarded her a moment meditatively, with the tips of his fingers pressed lightly together, after the manner of Sherlock Holmes. He was tall and thin, yet (which seems strange in an author) elegantly attired. His face was clean-shaven and of a classic, interesting type—the forehead broad, the nose straight, the eyes deepset and fathomless, the mouth sensitively cut yet firm. The Girl was inclined to think him handsome; she knew he was successful. She conceived him to be clever. The last of the three characteristics appealed to her the least. The Author (in his profound way) was not thinking of the Girl's story, but of the Girl. The Girl, he suspected, was interesting; the story he was not so sure of. Besides, he had twenty guineas per thousand words, so that, naturally, he came to be rather sparing of words—except, of course, in his stories.

"Before writing a story," he said, after a moment's thoughtful pause, "there are two things for the writer to determine."

"Only two?" said the Girl, in a tone of relief.

"Well, two main things " he corrected, gently. "One is, whether his story is worth writing."

"Mine is certainly worth writing," broke in the Girl, impatiently.

The Author waved his hand with a mild, protesting gesture.

"Of course," he observed. "The other is, whether the writer can write it."

"But," said the Girl, drawing her eyebrows together, "that is just what I have come to you for."

"What—to ask me to write it?" exclaimed the Author, in some perturbation.

"Dear, no!—that is, not exactly, but to find out how it ought to be written. And then——"

"And then?" he inquired.

"Well, if you like," she remarked, kindly, "I don't mind if we write it together."

"But," objected the author, "I have never collaborated!"

"Nor have I," said the Girl, proudly.

"Yet you propose——" he began.

"No!" she interrupted, hastily. "I should leave that entirely to you."

"Leave what?" asked the Author, pleased to find his original suspicion verified, for the Girl was certainly interesting, and remarkably pretty.

"The — the collaboration. I suppose——" she explained.

"Ah, the collaboration! But the story?"

"Is all about a girl," she said.

"So far, then, it is likely to be good," remarked the Author judicially. (It was odd, he mused, that he had never before noticed the wonderful delicacy of the Girl's complexion.) "All about a girl," he repeated, mechanically; "embracing no other character?"

"She might be made to embrace some one," replied the Girl, reflectively.

"She——? But I mean the story," the Author corrected.

"Oh, the story! I was thinking of the girl."

"And so am I," said the Author.

"You see, she ran away," explained the Girl, leaning forward on her elbows and speaking in a confidential tone.

"Oh! She ran away? From school?"

"No. From her husband!"

"Bless me," said the Author, "what a very wicked young lady!"

"She merely did it for a—well, a kind of lark," explained the Girl, apologetically.

"That is some slight condonation, of course," admitted the Author.

"Then," went on the Girl, "there was the Other Man."

"Naturally," sighed the Author, with weary recollections of Adelphi melodramas. "She ran to him?"

"Nothing of the sort!" exclaimed the Girl. "The Other Man didn't even know her."

"That seems to simplify matters as far as the girl is concerned."

"But she knew him," went on the Girl, nodding her head sagely at the author.

"How long had she known him?" asked the Author, with resignation.

"Oh, ever so long! You see, her school friend's cousin had introduced her to him when she still had long hair——"

"You mean before it was cut off?"

"No, no, when it was down her back. The man was the school friend's cousin's brother-in-law, and, naturally, wouldn't remember her."

"Naturally," sighed the Author again.

"But," put in the Girl, triumphantly, "she remembered him! What do you think of that?"

"I think it does her great credit," replied the Author, diffidently. "And so——?"

"And so, in her hour of need, the girl——"

"Excuse me, but what was she in need of?"

"Oh, that doesn't matter! We can settle all minor details after the story is written. As I was saying, in her hour of need she bethought her of her old friend."

"Yes. Her old school friend, I see."

"No, no! The Man. But on her way to him she met the Man's sister-in-law—the cousin of the school friend—and she told her that her school friend was dead!"

"Dear, dear!" said the Author. "And that decided her to return home to her husband, of course?"

"Really," exclaimed the Girl, "I think you have a very poor idea of plots, considering you write stories yourself——"

"Occasionally," admitted the Author. "But I'm sure I beg your pardon if I anticipated your climax. What did she do, then?"

"Why," said the Girl, "she put herself in her school friend's place!"

"Great heavens!" cried the Author. "Do you mean in the coffin?"

"Of course not! I mean she assumed her dead friend's name and—and personality, I think you call it?—and pretended she was her."

"She," suggested the Author, "With the connivance of the cousin?"

"No. She told the cousin nothing about it. She left the omnibus and drove straight to the Man's house in a cab, and rang the bell and walked in. The Man was standing on the hearth-rug alone in the room, and she ran up to him—remember, she hadn't seen him for ten years—and, with a wild gesture, exclaimed, 'Save me!'"

"Yes," observed the Author, "you have hit upon a strong dramatic situation there. What does the Man say, though?"

"The Man replies, 'I will proclaim your innocence with my last breath!'—or something of that sort—and she falls into his arms. After soothing her for a few moments, he inquires who she is. She tells him that she is her dead friend, his sister-in-law's cousin; but the Man replies that there must be some mistake, as he has no sister-in-law. The girl fixes her eyes upon his face intently for several minutes before remarking, 'Then you are not James de Vere?' The Man answers, 'No; my name is Jones'—and the girl discovers that she has come to the wrong house."

"Ah! that, too, is a fine situation," murmured the Author—"for the girl."

"Yes, I do not think it is bad. But the strange part is that Jones and De Vere are both members of a club where ladies can be taken as guests, you know—there are such clubs in London, ain't there?"

"Oh, yes, several," said the Author.

"So Jones offers to conduct the girl to this club and hand her over to De Vere, and they drove off together. Meantime, the girl's husband has discovered her flight and starts in pursuit. Having heard her once mention the name of her dead school friend's cousin, he first seeks out this lady, and from her learns that his wife and she met that very morning in an omnibus. This reassures him, and he goes home to dinner. Jones and the girl reach the club, and Jones finds De Vere taking afternoon tea with—whom do you think?"

"I am at a loss to conjecture," said the Author, permitting his eyes to dwell dreamily on the Girl's flushed face.

"Why, with the school friend!" exclaimed the Girl, clapping her hands.

"The school friend?"

"Yes. She wasn't dead, after all. It turned out to be merely a malicious and unfounded report. On the contrary, she was engaged to be married to De Vere."

"Ah! Lucky De Vere. And is that all?"

"No. That concludes the first half of the story. The rest is principally explanations. I want to know how it ought to be written?" said the Girl.

"It's too exciting for me to give an opinion straight off," rejoined the Author. "You say the girl knew the Man for ten years?"

"Yes."

"But the Man didn't know the girl?"

"No."

"It was his loss!" murmured the Author. "Pray, how long have you known me?"

"Oh, ever since I was fifteen—or thereabout," answered the Girl, examining the pattern of the Author's carpet.

"And it seems only within the last half hour that I have known you!" ejaculated the Author, rising from his chair.

"What on earth do you mean?" demanded the Girl.

"I mean," said the Author, "that we will write your story together, if you will; but on one condition."

"And what is the condition?"

"That, unlike the girl in the story, you will promise never, never to run away from me—not even for a lark!"

"Oh!" said the Girl.

And——

"Ah," said the Author, putting his arm round the Girl's waist, "but I love you, I love you, I love you!"

And the Girl didn't run away.—Emeric Hulme-Beaman, in the Sketch.

An Unexplained Distinction.

The present Chinese Minister, Sir Chentung Liang Cheng, K. C. M. G., is as witty as his well known predecessor, Wu Ting-fang. In June last Sir Chentung was an interested spectator of the marriage ceremony of certain young friends in Washington. At the conclusion of the wedding, as the minister was leaving the house, he made some inquiries of a friend with respect to the origin of the custom of throwing rice after the newly joined couple.

"Oh," replied the friend, "that's by way of wishing them good luck, I suppose."

"In that case," suggested the Oriental, with just a suspicion of a smile, "why is it not the custom to throw rice after the hearse at a funeral?"—Collier's Weekly.

The Capture of Dewey.

Admiral Dewey's peace of mind has been greatly disturbed lately by "sight seeing automobiles," each carrying thirty or forty people, which stop in front of his home three times a day, in the effort to get a glimpse of the Admiral or Mrs. Dewey. Even more annoying than the stare of forty pairs of eyes is the witticism of the guide who shouts through the megaphone in a voice than can be heard a block away: "The red house to your right—given by the American people to Admiral Dewey, who destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila Bay and came to Washington to be captured by a woman."—Saturday Evening Post

Tibet Snow-Blindness.

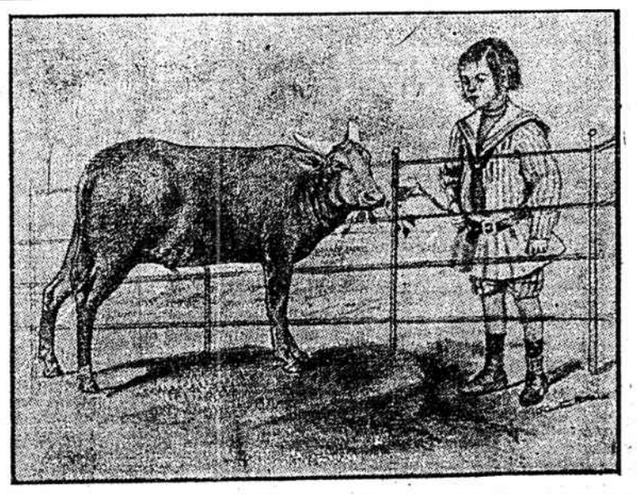
To prevent snow blindness the natives of Tibet grease their faces and then blacken the skin all around their eyes with burnt sticks. Most foreigners when exposed to the snow in Tibet wear colored glasses.

NEW ANTELOPES AT THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK

BY J. CARTER BEARD.

IT is by no means an easy matter to assign their proper place in the animal kingdom or to determine what really constitutes an antelope. No better opportunity has ever been given in this country to see for one's self the different members of this family, from the pygmy Duykerbok antelope to the ox-like eland, and from our own aberrant type, the American prong-horn antelope, to the still more aberrant giraffe, than is now given by the incomparable collection of antelopes at the New York Zoological Park.

Among the most singular types in some respects are the water antelopes. There are five allied species, of which the Sing-sing antelope, a fine specimen of which is to be seen at the park, is a representative.



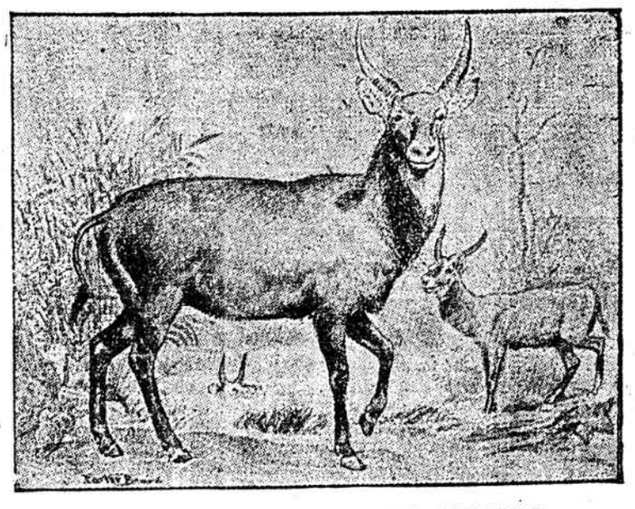
LITTLE ANOA BULL OR ANTELO PE BUFFALO AT THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL PARK.

It scarcely carries out our idea of an antelope, being a rather heavily-built animal, which, instead of presenting the sleek, glossy appearance of other members of its family, is clothed with a coat of long, soft, loose, and flocculent hair, longer upon the neck than elsewhere, but not forming a mane. The color is grayish brown. The males alone carry horns. These in the adult individual are lyre-shaped, and covered almost to the tips with bony rings. The animal exhales an odor, and the flesh is so powerfully scented and of so bad a flavor as to be entirely uneatable, a circumstance which will go far to preserve the species from becoming exterminated, long after its congeners have disappeared forever from the face of the earth. The natives, we are told, tame these antelopes, and allow them to run with their cattle (in much the same way as we keep a goat in the stable) because the animal is supposed to bring good luck and ward off disease.

Sing-sing antelopes abound in marshy districts on the banks of lakes and rivers in central and western Africa. If disturbed, they invariably make for the water at full speed. In this way they escape lions and leopards, who in common with other cats are reluctant to take to the water, but they cannot get away from the natives, who pursue them in boats, which they paddle faster than these antelopes can swim.

In view of the fact that the curious little anoa has been adopted, along with the other inhabitants of the Philippine Islands, as a citizen of the "Greater United States," the specimens at the New York Zoological Park assume an additional interest.

Although the anoa is ranked among ungulates with the oxen, and more particularly with the buffaloes, it has so many features in common with the antelope that it is sometimes called the antelope buffalo. It is a veritable pygmy, being when full grown, according to Mr. Hornaday, two feet nine inches high at the shoulders. "We have," says the last-mentioned gentleman in writing to me, "three specimens at the park, two full-grown males and a female, the latter immature. These little creatures take kindly to captivity in zoological gardens, and breed with fair regularity. Two of those that we have are quite docile, but the third, a full-grown male, was once so savage that for nearly a year he was bent on killing something or somebody. The creature is quite cow-like in form, but its horns most nearly resemble the horns of the harnessed antelope of Africa, except that they are not twisted. The color is a rich chocolate brown, becoming dark with age. Celebes is the home of the specimens which we have."



THE SING-SING OR WATER ANTELOPE.

The specimens which inhabit the Philippines (Bos mindorensis) is called tamarao. "It stands," writes Richard Lydekker, "three and a half feet in height. The horns, though massive, are comparatively short and rise upward in the plane of the face with a lyrate curvature; they are distinctly triangular, with the largest face in front, and are somewhat roughened. In its massive form, thick legs, and uniform coloration this species comes nearer to the Indian buffalo than to the anoa."

It may be added that, as far at least as the anoa of Celebes is concerned, the animal seems to occupy a place almost exactly half way between the antelopes and the oxen. "It approximates to the antelopes," writes Lydekker, "in its slender build, the structure of the hinder parts of its skull, the upright direction and the straightness of its horns, the spots on its head, back and limbs, and its small size."—Scientific American.

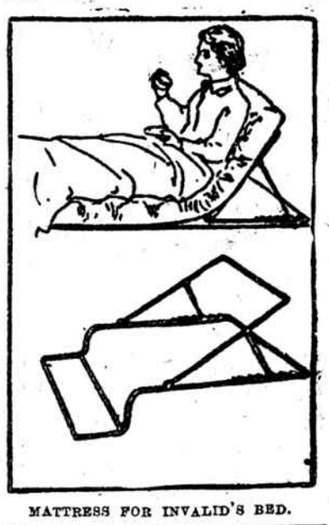
FOR AN INVALID'S BED.

Will Permit of Any Possible Position of Occupant.

Among the patents recently granted was one for a mattress, which is calculated to make the life of the invalid easier and to permit of a variety of changes of position without submitting the patient to any distress. It will be readily seen how this is accomplished.

Formed in the mattress at one end thereof is a framework consisting of two parallel rachet rods, having downwardly extending parts and the guide braces. Hinged to the rachet rods is the adjustable framework section of the mattress, to which arms are pivoted, the free ends of which engage and operate in the ratchets.

This arrangement forms a bed rest, which is always available with very little trouble and with little disturbance of the patient. On the other side of the bed is a similar arrangement, by which a collapsible chair is called up as desired as if by magic.



MATTRESS FOR INVALID'S BED.

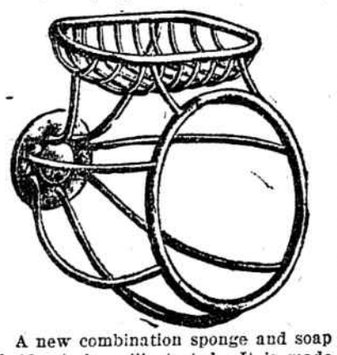
Anyone who has ever been confined to bed by a long spell of sickness will recognize the beauties of this arrangement. Likewise will also the nurse who has been compelled to move a helplessly bedridden person during one of these spells.—Philadelphia Record.

George Ade as a Farmhand.

Judge Saunderson, who is practicing law in Everett, Wash., formerly lived in Kentland, Ind., the boyhood home of George Ade, the humorist.

"Ade was a peculiar character in his younger years," said the Judge. "He made my office a sort of loafing place during the little time he spent in loafing. He was employed on a farm owned by a banker. One day he walked into the office and said to me: "'That man is the best I ever worked for.'

New Sponge and Soap Holder.



A new combination sponge and soap holder is here illustrated. It is made of brass wire, polished and nickeled, and is designed for use against a wall or wainscoting. The sponge holder is 6 inches deep and 5½ inches in diameter; the soap holder above it, 5½ by 3 inches.—Philadelphia Record.

HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

Cheese Rounds.

Cut stale bread into rounds, butter and set in the oven to brown slightly, then spread with finely grated cheese, dust with salt and pepper and set in a hot oven until the cheese is melted.

Cabbage Salad.

Cut off the outer leaves from a firm head of cabbage and soak it in slightly salted water for an hour. Cut out the stalk and then shave very fine. Mix with a boiled salad dressing and pile in a mound on a plate. Mask or cover with a little of the dressing, and garnish the edge with some long shreds or straws of the cabbage without dressing.

Boiled Dressing.

Cream a rounding tablespoon of butter; heat two tablespoons of vinegar with the same of hot water. Put a saltspoon of salt, a few dashes of pepper and the yolks of two eggs together; beat slightly, add the vinegar and water, and when cooked thick add the butter and stir. When hot add a half-cup of thick beaten cream. This makes enough to serve two people.

Salsify Fritters.

Wash and scrape the salsify and drop into cold water as fast as scraped, for this vegetable turns dark on exposure to the air. Cook in plenty of boiling salted water until nearly tender, but not soft. Grate, season with salt and pepper, a rounding tablespoon each of flour and butter and two beaten egg yolks to two cups of salsify. Drop in spoonfuls into hot deep fat and cook until brown.

Fruit Ice Cream.

Soak a slightly rounding tablespoon of gelatine in one-half cup of cold milk, strain into two cups of rich milk or one cup of milk and one cup of thin cream. Dissolve seven-eighths cup of sugar in one tablespoon of hot water, and when hot and melted add to the first mixture. Now add two cups of beaten cream, two teaspoons of vanilla and freeze partially. Stir in one cup of cut preserved or candied fruit and finish freezing. Drain off the water, repack and let stand three hours. More fruit may be used.

Tripe a la Lyonnaise.

Italians are extremely fond of tripe and prepare it in a variety of appetizing ways. It is most digestible and is usually served with Parmesan cheese. Wash in cold water two pounds of the honeycomb tripe and put it in a saucepan with two quarts of boiling salted water. Simmer gently for ten minutes, drain and dry with a clean cloth. Cut into long, fine strips about an inch in length. Put in a saucepan three tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and when hot add two tablespoonfuls white onions cut in thin slices, and cook until a golden color. Add the tripe, cook slowly for fifteen minutes, season with salt, pepper, a dash of cayenne, a tablespoonful of parsley and a tablespoonful of tomato conserve. Serve with grated cheese. Both the cheese and the conserve can be purchased in any Italian store much more reasonably than can be procured elsewhere. The conserve comes in little tin cans, five cents a can, and lasts indefinitely, since a spoonful is quite sufficient for seasoning.

New Suggestions.

A cloth-covered broom will wipe the dust from papered walls and ceilings.

A little powdered borax will make washing look extra glossy when ironed, if thrown into the starch.

A scraping of raw potato, laid upon a soft cloth and bound over sore eyes, will cure them.

A coarse brown wrapping paper soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead and eyes is good for sick headache.

Powdered borax strewn over places frequented by ants, cockroaches and other vermin will drive these pests away.

One teaspoonful of pure, sweet oil, taken three times a day, after meals, will cure the worst case of dyspepsia.

Hot lemonade is one of the best remedies for a bad cold.

Crushed cubeb berries, smoked in a clay pipe, will cure catarrh.

A preparation of fat oil varnish and rectified spirits of turpentine, if applied to iron, steel and other metal articles will prevent them from rusting.

The dullest scissors can be sharpened if you try to cut, as it were, a coarse sewing needle with them.

A layer of sugar over preserves, jellies, etc., will prevent them from gathering mould.

A pinch of salt will improve the flavor of apple sauce.

Slices of bread toasted in the oven until a golden brown are far more wholesome than those toasted in a toaster before an open fire.

A teaspoonful of burnt sugar will give an amber color to soups made from white meats.

A diet of tomatoes will ward off a bilious attack.

It is true economy to begin the dinner with soup of some kind.

Germany's Textile Schools.

Beginning with schools to teach spinning by hand in the eighteenth century, Germany has continued to improve the instruction in textile industry offered to its people with every advance of practical science as applied to weaving and spinning. Textile schools, where the manipulation of most intricate machinery is taught, are now found all over the empire, and it is held by some persons that they constitute the main pillar by virtue of which the German textile industry maintains its competitoive power in foreign markets. The courses of instruction are frequently revised and everything is kept up on a scientific basis.

Bedroom Suite of Solid Silver.

An extraordinary suite of furniture has just been made in London. Constructed throughout of solid silver, it is destined for the Eastern palace of an Indian prince. A massive four-post bedstead, which has absorbed a ton of silver; twelve dining-room chairs, four tables, two divans, a lady's dressing-table and a cabinet made up the suite, which took nearly a year to make. Weighing altogether over four tons its value is estimated at $75,000.

MINOR EVENTS OF THE WEEK

WASHINGTON.

The Omnibus Claims bill was passed by the Senate.

The resolution providing for holding the inaugural ball in the Pension Building was adopted by the House.

It was learned that the Hay-Bond treaty with Newfoundland was likely to be revived.

An attempt to blow up the statue of Frederick the Great in the War College grounds here failed.

The nomination of William D. Crum, a negro, to be Collector of Customs at Charleston, S. C., was confirmed.

The Forestry Congress adjourned after adopting resolutins urging more stringent measures for preserving the timber on the public lands.

President Roosevelt called a council of leaders in Congress to discuss what legislation shall be undertaken.

Admiral Dewey and the General Board of the Navy recommended more compulsory retirements and promotion of officers at earlier ages.

A bill to abolish the Isthmian Canal Commission was introduced in the House.

OUR ADOPTED ISLANDS.

News from Manila told of an attempt of about 500 convicts at Bilbid prison to break jail. It resulted in the killing of sixteen of the prisoners and the wounding of forty others.

Lieutenant P. J. Jewell and a private, of the Fourteenth United States Cavalry, were killed, and three officers and three privates wounded in the capture of an outlaw fortress in Jolo.

A civil service system similar to that in operation in the Philippines is to be instituted in Porto Rico.

One hundred ladrones raided the town of Taal, a place of 33,000 inhabitants, thirteen miles from Batangas, in the Island of Luzon, killed two persons and disarmed the local police.

In the Island of Samar, where the Pulujanes recently massacred Lieutenant Hayt and thirty-seven native scouts, the scouts and constabulary are driving the bands of fanatics on the east coast, converging upon them in small, lightly equipped columns. There are frequent skirmishes, in which several of the Pulujanes have been killed.

DOMESTIC.

Raids were made on fifty sweatshops in Elizabeth street, New York City.

Rodman Wanamaker carries $3,200,000 life insurance, it was reported, a larger amount than any other man in America.

Charles F. Murphy announced that Mayor McClellan, of New York City, will be renominated on a platform promising a "liberal" enforcement of laws.

Ten inches of snow fell in Memphis, Tenn., seriously impeding traffic.

James F. Toppan, the Standard Oil man, died in Chicago, Ill.

Through the aid of a ten-year old boy Jersey City police hoped to break up the alleged "Black Hand" gang.

Captain David B. Mulliken took the stand in his own defense at the court-martial at Fort Sheridan and told of his marriage tangles.

An endowment fund for Tuskegee Institute was planned as a memorial for W. H. Baldwin.

Admiral Dewey and Mr. Morton, Secretary of the Navy, reviewed the assemblage of warships at Hampton Roads, which was the greatest ever known in the history of the United States.

Thomas D. Robinson, of New York City, aged eighty-one, and his wife, seventy, were charged with burglary.

The cruiser Chattanooga was tested for speed off Newport, R. I., exceeding the contract speed on a four hours' run.

The body of Leonard Mandeville, a clerk, nineteen years old, was found in a trench in Newark, N. J.

It was announced that part of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, in New York City, would be finished in three years.

Governor Frank W. Higgins was inaugurated in the Assembly Chamber at the Capitol at Albany, N. Y., in the presence of a distinguished gathering.

Andrew Carnegie has given $268,000 to the Maryland Institute of Art and Design.

The annual report of F. D. Kilburn, New York State Superintendent of Banking, was made public in Albany. Many changes in the banking laws of the State were recommended.

Agents of the chief Chicago (Ill.) packers were arrested in Montana, charged with conspiracy to fix meat prices.

Dr. Leroy S. Chadwick, husband of the alleged swindler, arrived in Cleveland, Ohio, and had a pathetic conference with his wife in the jail.

FOREIGN.

The sessions of the board of inquiry into the North Sea incident were resumed in Paris, France.

Queen Helena's birthday, a Presna special cable dispatch stated, was observed at Rome and in other cities of Italy.

A special cable dispatch stated that the Veronique, Earl Fitzwilliam's ship, was safe at Panama, and will be taken home by the crew, the Earl and his party having started for Southampton from Colon.

More than fifty persons were frozen to death in the Provinces of East Prussia, West Prussia and Posen in the recent cold period, including two letter carriers, the driver of a post wagon, a policeman and fifteen fishermen.

It was learned in Paris that Japan has sent an ultimatum to Chile, threatening to bombard her ports should the proposed sale of Chilean warships to Russia be effected.

The French Chamber of Deputies elected Paul Doumer president, to succeed M. Brisson.

The treaty of peace and amity between Chile and Bolivia was signed.

Alonzo H. Sylvester, Emperor William's private dentist, committed suicide in Berlin.

Signor Tittoni, the Italian Foreign Minister, was stricken with apoplexy.

By the expressed desire of the Sultan of Morocco a French mission started for Fez to propose reforms for the country.

Lieutenant-General von Trotha reported to Berlin that a strong German force had defeated a body of Hereros in a fierce fight on New Year's Day.

The agitation of various reform bodies in Russia increased to such an extent that observers in St. Petersburg believed that internal affairs might force her to conclude peace.

The Italian Government, according to a special Brescia dispatch, became alarmed over the increase of the Austrian garrison on the frontier.

POVERTY IN NEW YORK CITY

Misery in the Metropolis Greater Than Ever Before.

Philanthropist Writes Commissioner-General Sargent, of the National Bureau of Charities, About Conditions.

New York City.—Surprising statements concerning increasing proverty in New York City were made in a letter from a New York City philanthropist of national fame to Commissioner-General Sargent, of the Bureau of Immigration at Washington, D. C.

This letter, the name of whose author is withheld by Mr. Sargent, declares that 100,000 men are without work in Greater New York City, that the hospitals are overcrowded, and that 50,000 school children, because of the empty purses of their parents, have to trudge to school without breakfast every morning.

"Fifty thousand children go to school breakfastless, which means idle fathers," writes the philanthropist. So overwhelmed is the Department of Charities with tens of thousands of applications from men out of work that it finds itself unable to cope with the situation. In short, the metropolis this winter is facing a problem with regard to the unemployed such as never has been known in past years.

"The cause of this state of affairs is of less moment now than the immediate problem of how to deal with the multitudes of the unemployed. Nor has the question here to do with the ultimate relief, such as Congress can provide by restricting immigration and scattering immigrants.

"The immediate question, then, is: What can be done with the great army of the unemployed at once? This question eliminates the unwilling and the unable, whom we always have with us, giving only the able and willing—the honest idle—mostly unskilled labor, of course. How are we to give relief to these?"

Mr. Sargent announced that this letter has strengthened his belief that immigration not only should be scattered, but restricted. New York City, he believes, suffers more from immigration, proportionately, than any five cities in the country.

"My principal suggestion in my reply to this letter," said Mr. Sargent, "is that applications coming to this bureau daily for work be published in New York City in some manner, and the influx relieved in that congested and evidently proverty-stricken city. There is a great deal of work to be had in the South if we can draw the labor here from New York City and other embarressed cities."

J. McKee Borden, secretary of Public Charities, said:

"Since I have held this position I can safely say that I have never seen such widespread destitution calling for immediate relief. It has been made more pathetic by the fact that new elements have entered into it—men willing, able, anxious to work and support their families are unable to get work, perhaps because of industrial conditions.

"When the snow storm visited us we managed to engage the interest not only of the city, but of the traction companies and thousands of men were put to work shoveling snow. I do not think there ever were so many deserving applicants. I believe that 50,000 school children are under-fed. Many who should be filling their minds with knowledge, too, are helping to fill the family larder."

COCKRELL ACCEPTS OFFICE.

Will Succeed Yeomans on Interstate Commerce Commission.

Washington, D. C.—Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, has decided to accept the position on the Interstate Commerce Commission offered him some time ago by President Roosevelt. He will succeed Commissioner James D. Yeomans, of Iowa, whose term expired.

Senator Cockrell has indicated his decision to the President, but he expects before assuming his new duties to complete the term for which he was elected to the Senate, which ends March 4.

TRIBUTE TO CHOATE.

English Comment on His Tact and Dignity as Ambassador.

London, Eng.—The Times printed an editorial apropos of President Roosevelt's acceptance of the resignation of Ambassador Choate.

It pays a tribute to the tact and dignity with which Mr. Choate has filled his office, which, with "his sympathetic interest in all that is best in English life, have earned for him a widespread popularity which will hardly fall to the lot of any other foreign representative than the American."

HONORS NOGI AND STOESSEL.

Kaiser Confers the Order of Merit on Both Generals.

Berlin, Germany.—The German Emperor has conferred the order "Pour le Merite" upon General Nogi, who commanded the Japanese at Port Arthur, and General Stoessel, who led the defenders of the fortress.

Currency Bill Amended.

The House of Representatives has amended the Hill currency bill so as to provide that National banks shall pay interest on Government deposits, which shall be awarded to the highest bidder.

The Year's Records.

The 1904 crop of rice promises a yield of 900,000,000 pounds—300,000,000 more than ever before. Horses and mules reach the highest point this year, with an aggregate value exceeding $1,354,000,000. On the other hand, cattle, sheep, and hogs all show a slight decline.

Herring Fishing Fails.

Winter herring fishing on the Grand Banks has proven almost a total failure.

Brass For the East.

While domestic brass founders and other users of copper continue to buy their supplies in limited quantities from producers and their agents, the heaviest tonnages are being taken by the Chinese and Japanese consumers, who are buying in even larger lots than German and other continental manufacturers.

Buys Forepaugh Circus.

James A. Bailey, fourth owner of the Sells-Forepaugh shows, bought the entire show at public sale in Columbus, Ohio, for $150,000. Nearly every showman in the country was at the sale.